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Turn to page 27
for the story of the
'WHY THE LEFT EYE WEPT'

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CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 6

MARCH 1976

No. 9

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

RETURN OF KING VIKRAM AND THE VAMPIRE I

The tales of King Vikram and the vampire, popularly known as the **Vetala** tales have not lost their charm even though they have been retold again and again through the centuries.

But in the pages of the **Chandamama** what you are reading now is a new series of **Vetala** tales. In the old good frame of the dialogue between King Vikram and the vampire in a weird night, are placed new stories and new problems – an altogether new feast for you !

The series will continue, with a complete story in each issue.

GURU TEGH BAHADUR

"A wise man is he who is himself not afraid, nor maketh others afraid," was the message of Guru Tegh Bahadur, one of the great masters of the Sikh faith. India is currently observing the three-hundredth death anniversary of the Guru. While reading a brief story of his life and martyrdom in the picture-feature in this issue, one thing which we should realise is that history teaches us to be tolerant of each other's faith. That India today is a secular country, is no mean achievement. The memory of past episodes should only impress us about the value of secularism and of goodwill for each other.

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PLUS 9 COMPLETE STORIES
BESIDES OTHER REGULAR FEATURES

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. P. V. Subramanyam



Mr. K. K. Rao

- * These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- * Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st March.
- * Winning captions will be announced in MAY issue
- * Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to : PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST, CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE, MADRAS - 600 026

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in January Issue

The prize is awarded to : Jyotsna S. Rao,
28, 5th Main, 8th Cross, Malleswaram,
Bangalore-560 003.

Winning Entry - 'One to Bear' - 'Two to Share'



CHANDAMAMA GREETSS THE PRIME MINISTER



Our readers would certainly remember the portrait of Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the Prime Minister of India, which had adorned a page of *Chandamama*, of December, 1975. The portrait was accompanied by a feature on Mrs. Gandhi, the concluding article in a series on world's great women which the magazine carried in keeping with the spirit of the International Women's Year.

The portrait, which also appeared on the cover of an issue of our sister publications, *Mangai* and *Vanitha* women's fortnightlies was drawn by Shri Prabhakar, a young artist of the Chandamama unit.

The Prime Minister's programme in Madras during January was marked by pressing engagements. But as a lover of creative activities she found time to receive our Publisher and Shri Prabhakar who, on behalf of the Chandamama Publications and their innumerable readers, presented her original portrait.

Mrs. Gandhi, whose message for the *Chandamama* had been reproduced in the December 1975 number, reiterated her interest in the magazine through her warm queries about it.



WHERE RATS CONSUMED IRON!

Tales from the Panchatantra

When a prosperous man falls into evil days he feels shy to live among the people who were accustomed to see him living in luxury.

And that explains why Jeernadhan decided to leave his native town. His business had suddenly been ruined and he had sold all his property. Even his house had been pledged to a money-lender.

But before leaving the house, he found that he had a large iron balance still left with him. He carried it to a merchant friend of his who lived in another part of the town and said, "I've decided to go on a long journey. I will be grateful if you let this balance lie in your house till I return."

"My house is at your disposal. Deposit as many things as you like!" replied the merchant.

Jeernadhan thereafter left the place. In a distant town lived a truthful shop-keeper who owed a great amount of money to Jeernadhan's father. When Jeernadhan happened to pass through that town, the shop-keeper saw him and gave him the money. This proved a turning point in Jeernadhan's life. He came in contact with some honest businessmen and traded with them. Soon he made a huge profit and returned to his native town. The first thing he did was to get his mortgaged house released and the second thing he did was

to go to the merchant in whose custody the balance lay.

The merchant did not seem happy at his sight. However, Jeernadhan greeted him and said, "I must thank you for your kindness in keeping my balance for all these days. Now, let me have it."

"How much I wish that you could have it! But I feel sad to inform you that rats made a short work of the balance!" said the merchant.

This was a bolt from the blue! Jeernadhan had never imagined that his friend would speak such a fantastic lie.

For some time he stood speechless. Then he murmured, "Rats eating iron, eh? Surprising events have started taking place in this small town of ours!"

"Indeed, you are true!" agreed the merchant.

"It is rather hot today. Better I go to the river and have a dip there. Can you lend me a set of clothes and can you ask your son to carry them for me and guide me through a short-cut to the ghat?" asked Jeernadhan.

"Gladly," said the merchant and asked his only son to accompany Jeernadhan to the



river-bank. The merchant was really glad to see that Jeernadhan did not raise a hue and cry on account of the balance. Besides, he wanted to be sure that his clothes come back to him!

The river passed by a hill. When the two reached the hill, Jeernadhan suddenly pushed the merchant's son into a cave and closed the mouth of the cave by pressing a boulder against it.

When the merchant saw Jeernadhan returning alone, he asked, "Where is my son?"

"I wish I could bring him



back. But, alas, a flamingo swooped down upon him and carried him away," answered Jeernadhan.

"What! A bird took away my youthful son! What rubbish do you speak!" challenged the merchant.

"Rubbish or not, your son is gone!" said Jeernadhan, "Surprising events are happening in our town, you know!"

"I will report your mischief to the judge of the town," threatened the merchant.

"I will speak the same rubbish before the judge," declared

Jeernadhan.

The merchant ran to the judge and filed his complaint against Jeernadhan. The judge summoned Jeernadhan and asked, "Is it possible for a flamingo to carry away a young boy, who, I am told, resembled a baby elephant?"

"It is possible, my lord," replied Jeernadhan, "It is possible in our town where rats can consume iron!"

"What do you mean?" asked the curious judge.

Jeernadhan told all about his balance at which the judge and others enjoyed a hearty, roaring laugh, while the merchant stood with his head lowered, unable to say anything.

"Merchant! Restore the balance to Jeernadhan and take your son back from him," advised the judge.

They followed the judge's advice.

Jeernadhan soon prospered again. Whenever he met the merchant, he said, "Don't feel embarrassed for what happened. Surprising things were happening in those days, you know!"

Make sure of your copy of Chandamama by placing a regular order with your Newsagent

Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire

STRANGE FELLOWS IN HEAVEN!

King Vikram, determined to carry with him the corpse possessed by the vampire, climbed the tree and brought the corpse down again. Then, as he started walking through the deserted burning ground, swept by the storm and frequented by terrible-looking ghosts, the vampire said, "O King, may be that you are taking these troubles with the hope of going to heaven after your death. But, know this, that even such fellows who never deserved to be in heaven could be found there at times. Let me tell you a story as an illustration of what I said. Listen and that will give you some relief."

The vampire went on: Not far from the city of Varanasi was an ashram where a guru taught his disciples. Among his disciples was a brave young lad, Tej Singh. He had a great curiosity for knowing the unknown. Whenever he got an opportunity, he slipped into the nearby forest.





The forest was full of wild animals and poisonous snakes. But Tej Singh was not afraid of them. He knew how to climb on to a tree at the sight of a beast and knew what herbs to carry to scare away snakes. The guru had a great faith in the boy and so he did not object to his wanderings.

While roaming inside the forest Tej Singh once met a boy of his age named Aghor. Both became friends. Tej Singh would visit the forest everyday and both the boys would pass a long time playing, plucking flowers or searching for fruits and roots. By and by Tej

Singh learnt that Aghor was the son of a bandit chief. The chief and his followers not only plundered whoever happened to pass through the forest, but also they raided the nearby villages from time to time and escaped into the dense forest with their booty. Aghor's father, the chief, distributed the wealth among his people.

Tej Singh did not like his friend's way of life. "My friend! Why should you not live a civilized life? You should come out of this forest and take to some healthy vocation as the villagers or the city-dwellers do," Tej once told his friend,

Aghor.

Aghor looked pensive for a long time and then replied, "I do not know how I can do that. I am accustomed to the life in this jungle just as you are accustomed to a way of life outside. I do not know which was better!"

They continued to be friends as long as Tej remained in his guru's ashram. When Tej finished his studies, he entered the forest for the last time and took leave of his friend.

After several years Tej was employed as an officer in the court of the King of Kashi. In the meanwhile Aghor had lost his father and had himself be-

come the leader of the bandits. He proved a far greater menace than his father. Whoever happened to pass through or by the forest, he was attacked by his gang. Thus, Aghor became a synonym of terror. Merchants who visited the town from distant places stopped coming and consequently the townsfolk suffered much. Everyday reports of travellers being looted reached the king. But the king's soldiers failed to capture the gang. The forest was wide and there were numerous gorges, nooks and corners for the bandits to hide.

When the menace of Aghor





and his gang became too grave, the king declared that if any young man of the land could manage to capture Aghor, he will get the princess for his wife. Since the king had no son, this also meant that the young man would succeed him to the throne.

All along Tej Singh was feeling sad at the news of his childhood friend's mischief. Often he thought, "Only, if I would have pressed my friend strongly, perhaps he would have come out of the forest before his father's death and would have led a normal life. Maybe that I am partly responsible for the present state of affairs!"

Tej Singh alone knew all about the secret movements of the gang. Aghor had told him everything and had shown him their deity before whom the gang performed a certain ceremony on a particular day of the year.

After much hesitation and deep reflection, Tej Singh at last decided to rid the people of the menace of the bandits. He stealthily entered the forest with a small number of trusted soldiers during the night prior to the annual ceremony of the gang and hid in a ditch. When the bandits were engrossed in the ceremony, he directed his soldiers to make a surprise attack. The operation was successful. The bandits were captured.

Tej Singh was duly married to the princess and he got the throne after the king's death. Aghor continued to be in the prison all his life. But Tej Singh made Aghor's stay comfortable and fed him well.

Aghor died a prisoner. A year later Tej Singh, who had ruled gloriously, died too. But when Tej Singh's soul reached the heaven, it saw Aghor's soul already waiting there to welcome him! Both were friends

again.

The vampire ended his story here and asked, "O King! Aghor was a bandit and, naturally, a sinner. Tej Singh, by betraying his friend, had turned a sinner too. Was it not strange that two sinners should find place in heaven? Then, while they had failed to continue as friends in the world, how could they become friends again in heaven? If you know the right answers and yet keep mum, your head would be shattered to pieces!"

Answered King Vikram, "Access to heaven depended not on one's external conduct but on one's inner attitude. Tej and Aghor belonged to two different cultures. In following his father's foot-steps, Aghor was hardly aware of the fact that he was doing something wrong. He was neither

greedy nor cruel. What he received he spent for his people. He even did not know what is hatred. There is no proof of his hating his childhood friend who captured him. Tej had a different code of conduct to follow. As a royal officer, it was his duty to protect the subjects against a continuous menace. He did not go to capture Aghor for sake of winning the princess' hand or for the throne. It was his sense of duty which prompted him to arrest his friend. Both were good souls. Hence they went to heaven. In heaven there is no question of difference in social status. So they became friends again!"

As soon as the king finished his reply, the vampire gave him the slip and returned to the tree.

(New Series)





FRATERNITY OF THIEVES!

It happened some years ago. The fields around the village of Nimpur smiled with a bumper crop.

Poor Nimai, who had only half an acre of land, was so glad that he hardly ever left his field. He spent his night under a small thatch in the field, guarding his crop.

But one night half a dozen thieves from a nearby village raided his field. While two thieves, with stout sticks in their hands, stood near Nimai, the rest went on cutting the crop. Although Nimai felt like crying out, he did not open his mouth, nor did he stir, knowing well that the stout sticks would come

down on him if he did any such thing.

After the thieves left, he saw in the faint moonlight that half his crop was gone. In the morning all the villagers came to know about it. They met in a conference in the evening where the headman said, "Last night it was poor Nimai's turn, tonight it may be my turn. Tomorrow it may be someone else's turn. We must do something about it."

While the issue was being discussed, Nimai said, "If you give me a few days time, I will nab the thieves. But whomsoever I approach, he must give his cooperation to me."

"You will get all the cooperation, Nimai, if you can really help us capture the culprits," assured the headman and he added, "If you succeed, we will reward you with a good piece of land."

After the meeting was over, Nimai spoke privately to a certain wealthy man of the village. The wealthy man agreed to do as suggested by Nimai.

A few days passed. Nimai who slept during the day, passed his nights roaming amidst the corn fields, carrying a sickle and a string of rope.

On the fifth night, he could see the gang approaching a field

from distance. He asked the man who was guarding the field to leave the place at once and himself stooped down and started cutting the crop.

When the thieves saw him they could only come to one conclusion: the fellow must be another thief. Why should he otherwise busy himself in cutting the crop at night?

"Brethren! Take whatever you can. Don't touch what little I have cut and heaped," Nimai told the gang.

"Why should we rob a member of our fraternity?" said the thieves as they began plundering the field from another



side. By and by they asked Nimai, "How is it that nobody is guarding this field?"

"This field belongs to a man who has a lot of money and so he just does not care for his crop. Except himself and his wife, there is nobody in his house. Had I not been alone, I would have plundered his house long ago," replied Nimai.

"Why do you consider yourself alone, brother? Are we not there to help you? Lead us there and the work is done!" said the chief of the gang.

They soon stood in front of the wealthy man's house. Nimai knocked on the door five times. The wealthy man understood the meaning. He asked his servants and sons to hide in corners. Then he opened the door.

The thieves rushed into

the house, led by Nimai. The man was gagged and bound to a pillar. His wife shrieked. She too was gagged by Nimai himself who threatened her and her husband, saying, "If you try to escape, we will finish you!"

Nimai then told the thieves, "Now there is nobody to put forth any resistance. Let us enter the man's bedroom where he has deposited all his wealth."

Nimai showed the bedroom. The eager thieves entered it. Instantly Nimai closed the door and locked it from outside.

Others who were hiding came out, released the man and his wife, and shouted for all the villagers.

The thieves were captured and duly punished. As promised, the villagers made the gift of a nice piece of land to the clever and brave Nimai.





Tegh Bahadur was the 9th guru or master of the Sikhs, the religious community founded by the great prophet, Nanak (1469-1533). Tegh Bahadur, born in 1621, sat on the guru's throne in 1664.

Aurangzeb, the Mughal emperor of Delhi, was extremely eager to convert the Hindus to Islam. He ordered his officers to change temples into mosques and oppress the subjects as long as they did not embrace Islam.



People in the Punjab and the Pundits of Kashmir were oppressed and tortured by Aurangzeb's zealous officers. They had either to give up their religious faith or to die.



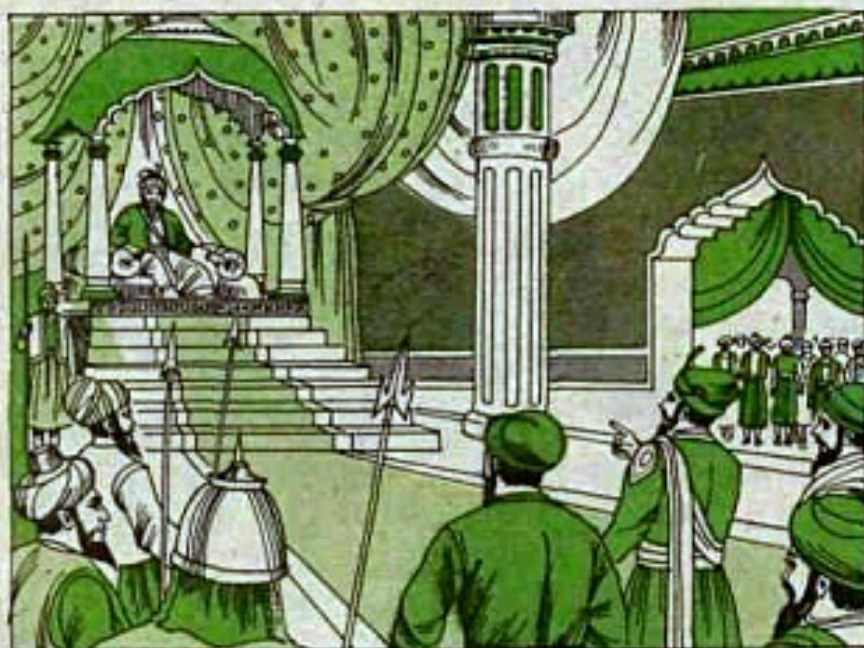
Some Pundits came to Guru Tegh Bahadur in great distress and narrated their plight to him. The guru told them, "Inform Aurangzeb that if he can convert me, all the Hindus and Sikhs would spontaneously embrace Islam."

The guru wanted to divert Aurangzeb's wrath towards him so that the people were spared. He also wished to demonstrate that a man of faith could never be terrorised. In the meanwhile he toured the countryside and gave courage to the people.



The guru's message duly reached Aurangzeb. He was furious. He also suspected the guru to be inciting rebellion. He summoned Tegh Bahadur to his court.

When Guru Tegh Bahadur heard of the summon, instead of waiting for Aurangzeb's men to come and capture him, he advanced towards Delhi, accompanied by some of his trusted lieutenants. Aurangzeb's sepoys got him at Agra.



Aurangzeb asked the guru either to show him some miracles or to embrace Islam. The guru said that to show miracles was none of his business and to embrace Islam was out of the question. He believed in the freedom of faith.

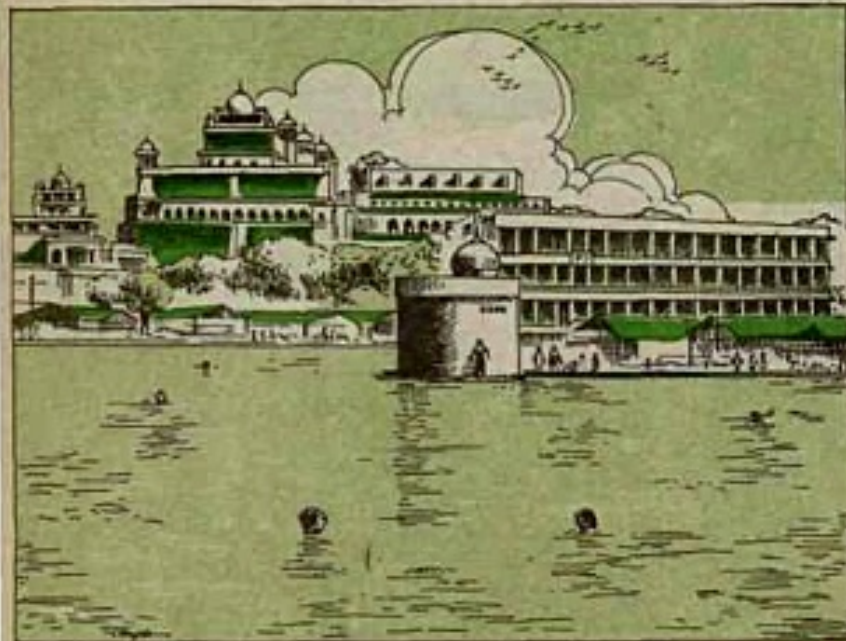
The infuriated Aurangzeb, in order to terrorise the guru, arranged to kill one of his dear disciples in a ghastly manner. The disciple, Bhai Mati Das, was bound to two posts and was sawn from head downward, before a horrified crowd.





The devoted Mati Das made no sign of agony. Neither was there any change in the firmness of the guru. The restless Aurangzeb threw another of his disciples, Bhai Dayal, into a cauldron of boiling oil and killed him.

Even then the guru did not yield. That drove Aurangzeb to despair. He now ordered for the guru to be beheaded. The order was carried out on 11 November, 1675, at Chandni Chowk, Delhi. As it is sung till today, "Sar diya, par sir na diya!" (He gave up his head, but not his faith!)

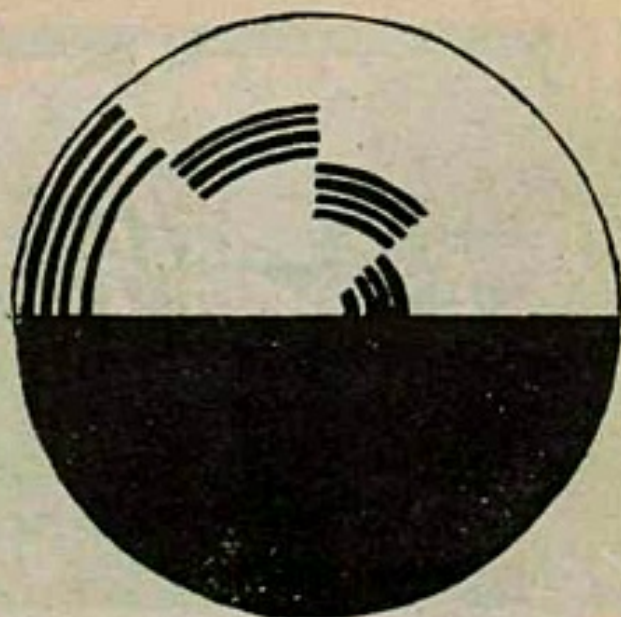


The guru's martyrdom was a great event. It infused fresh courage into the people who now refused to be cowed down by threat. It left Aurangzeb a depressed man. The guru's stand was not against any religion, but against tyranny. India is celebrating the 3rd centenary of his martyrdom, beginning from 7th December, 1975, for a full year.

FUN WITH SCIENCE

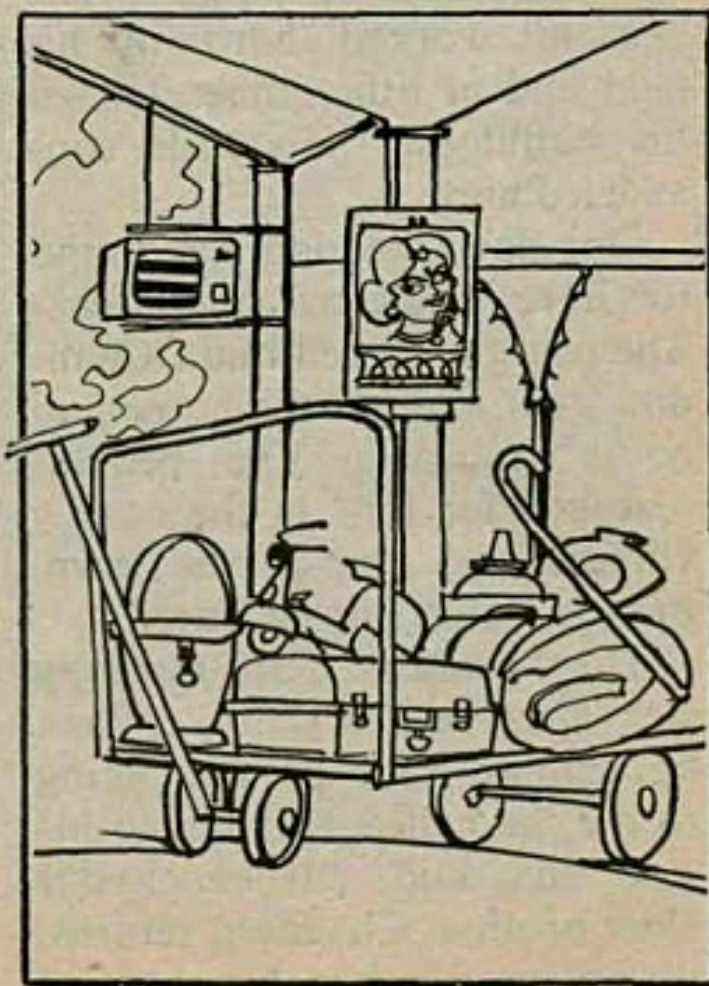
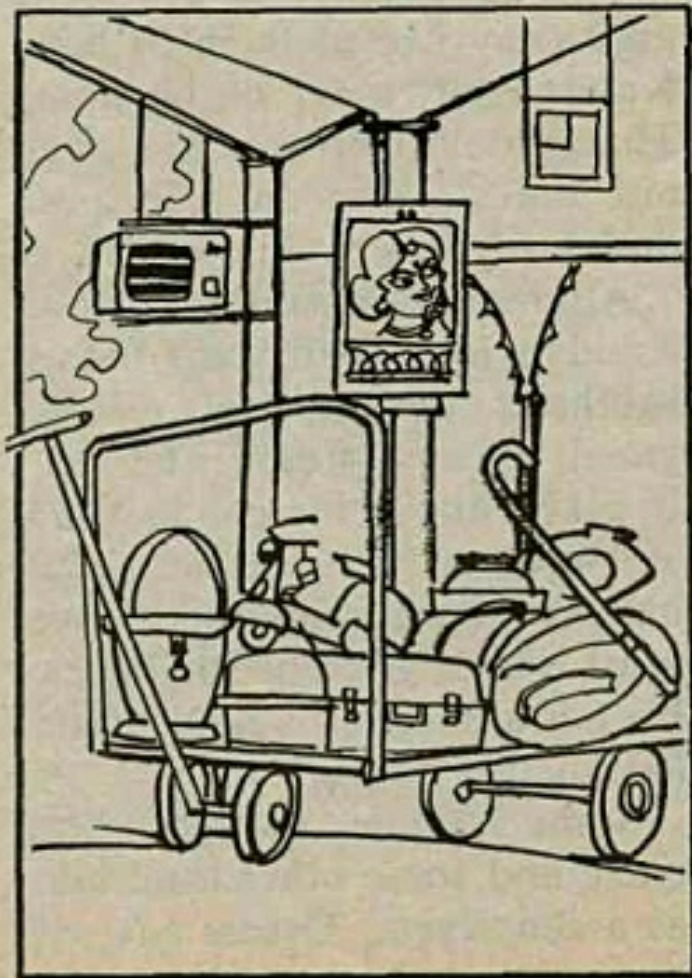
Here's a way to make colours from black and white. Copy the diagram on to a stout piece of cardboard, then cut it out. Insert a 2 in. piece of wood in a hole made in the centre.

If you spin your top in good light, you will see a dazzling display of colours instead of the black and white lines you drew.



SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

(SORRY, NO CLUE ANYWHERE IN THE MAGAZINE)





THE LOST BROTHER

A poor peasant had two sons, Chandan and Kandan. The peasant worked hard in his field and at other times tended his buffaloes. His little sons assisted him.

One day Chandan was found to have neglected his work. The peasant chided him. Chandan wept and left the home and never returned. The peasant searched for him in the nearby villages and even in the town. But he could not be traced.

The peasant felt mortally sick after twelve years. When he realised that he was going to die, he called Kandan to his side and said, "If ever your elder brother, Chandan, returns, do not grudge him his share of

the buffaloes. We have ten buffaloes. Hence you should give away five of them to him. Kandan has a cut on his nose. That should help you to recognise him." Kandan agreed to do as advised by his father.

After the peasant's death, Kandan looked forward to his brother's return and closely gazed at any stranger he met. If asked about his conduct, he answered, "My brother who has not been seen for twelve years is to be given five buffaloes. He has a cut on his nose. I am looking for him."

Some people thought him crazy and some other took him as a simpleton. Others advised him not to bother about the

lost brother. But Kandan would not take any such advice. He was determined to do as he had promised to his father.

Once at noon, while going to the field, Kandan saw a stranger in tattered clothes standing under a tree. "Who are you?" Kandan asked him.

"I am a hungry man. I have been going without food for last three days," replied the stranger.

Kandan came closer and discovered a cut on the stranger's nose. He asked in a loud voice, "What is your name?"

The stranger did not answer the question, but said, "I left my home twelve years ago. Since then I have suffered a lot. Now I am trying to find the way to my village!" Kandan's excitement knew no bound. He embraced the stranger, tears of joy rolling down his cheeks.

"My brother! Don't you recognise me? I am your younger brother!" cried out Kandan and said, "You are to get five buffaloes from me. I will show them to you. First eat and relax!"

Kandan took the stranger home and fed him and gave



him a mat to lie down. Next morning he found the stranger gone along with five buffaloes.

Kandan was confused. Who was the man? Was he his brother who did not like to stay with him? Could he be a thief? He was beset with this problem for a long time. But he could not come to any conclusion and he tried to forget all about it.

A few days later a cart stopped in front of Kandan's house. A gentleman got down from it and asked Kandan, "Are you not my younger brother? I am Chandan. How is father? I am anxious to know every-

thing. I have been away for long twelve years!"

The bewildered Kandan came closer and found that the gentleman had a cut on his nose. He was at a loss to decide if this man too was not a thief. He asked him some questions relating to their childhood days. The gentleman answered them right. Kandan had now no doubt that he was the true Chandan. He felt ashamed for having taken a thief for his brother beforehand.

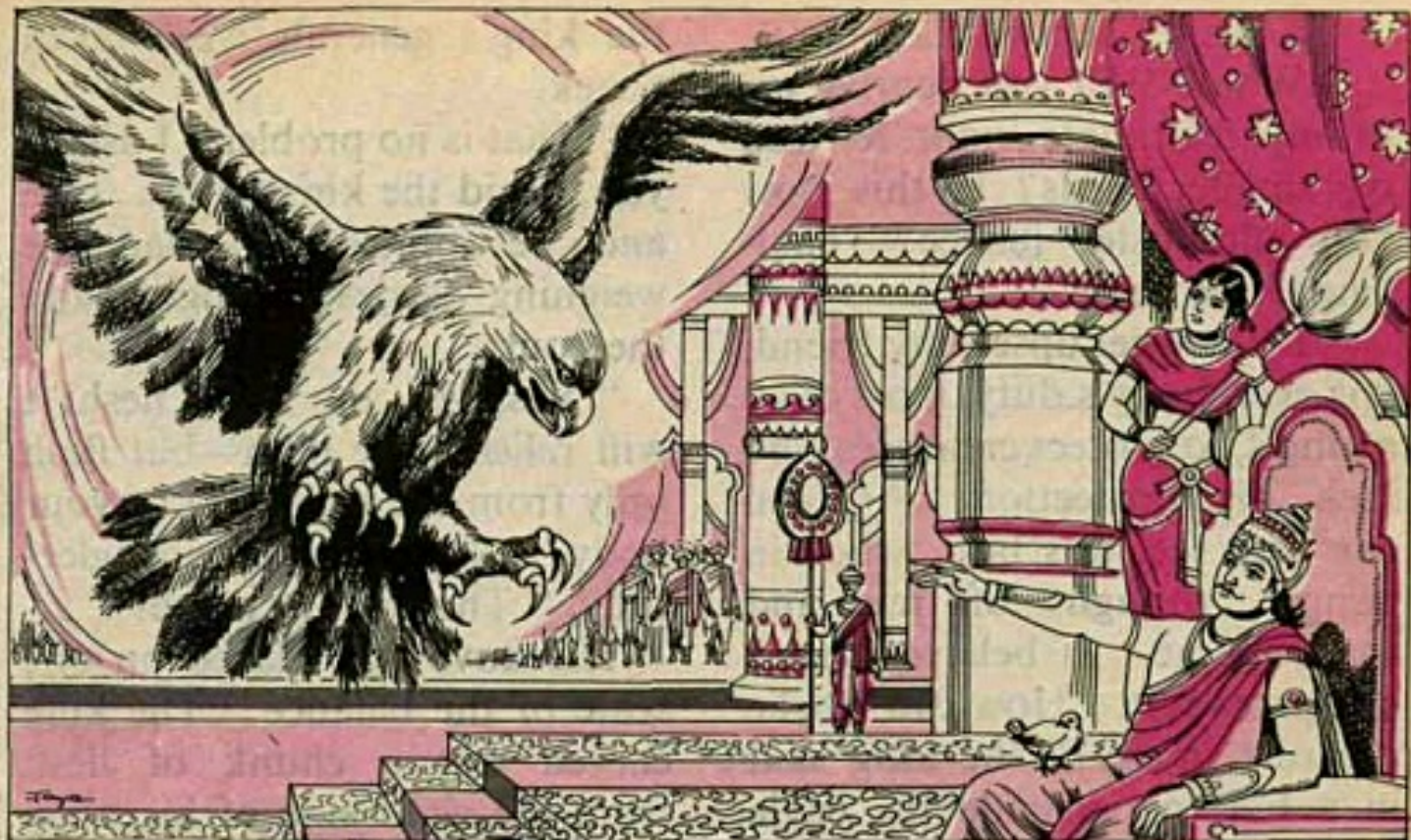
Kandan then narrated to him what had happened a few days back. Said Chandan, "Why did you not ask that man such questions as you asked me? Any way, don't worry. I don't care if the five buffaloes are gone."

"No, brother, you must get your share. Only then our

father's soul will be in peace. Take away the remaining five buffaloes. I don't mind going without them," said Kandan.

Chandan laughed and gave some indication to the carter. The man went away and soon returned with five buffaloes. Kandan looked on with surprise. "Kandan! I am that stranger who took away the buffaloes. I was just testing you. You are honest and innocent. Come with me to the town where I have my house. I have become wealthy, with God's Grace. Our father's soul will be in peace if I can make you happy. Half of my property will be yours!" Kandan went with his brother. Because of his honesty and sincerity, he proved himself worthy of his brother's love. Both the brothers became famous and prosperous.





LEGENDS OF INDIA

WHY THE LEFT EYE WEPT

It happened long long ago, in an era when nobody was surprised if an animal or a bird could talk.

One day King Shibi whose fame had spread in all the four directions and had reached even the heaven, sat in his court, listening to the affairs of his kingdom as reported by his officers.

The officers had hardly any unwelcome news to give to the king. People led a prosperous and peaceful life and were all praise for their great king who

combined in himself all the finest virtues.

Suddenly, through the sky that spread out before the king, came shooting towards him a dove, crying in panic. It fell on the king's lap and was found trembling.

The compassionate king fondled it and spoke sweetly to it. But before long a ferocious eagle flew into the king's presence. Settling down before the throne, it uttered in a harsh tone, "O King! The bird you are fondling is my prey. Surrender it to me!"

"I can't!" replied the king.

"What! Will you deprive me of my legitimate right to feed on smaller birds? Is this how you administer justice?" challenged the eagle.

"Do not get upset, my friend, it is everybody's duty, most of all a king's, to protect creatures who seek his protection. As you can well see, this bird, when in danger, thought of me and came to me. It believes that I can protect it. How can I belie its trust in me?" the king said in a bid to persuade the eagle to leave it alone.

But the restless eagle, spouting fire from its eyes, demanded, "What then do I do for my food?"

"Don't worry," replied the king, "I am ready to give you any other food you would like to eat in place of the bird!"

"Well, I desire to eat flesh and nothing but flesh—of the same weight as the bird's!" said the eagle.

"You will have it," said the king and he was about to ask a servant to do the needful.

"I will be satisfied only with your flesh, O King!" shrieked out the eagle. Its shriek resounded in the hall and the courtiers and ministers and even

the king's generals were taken aback.

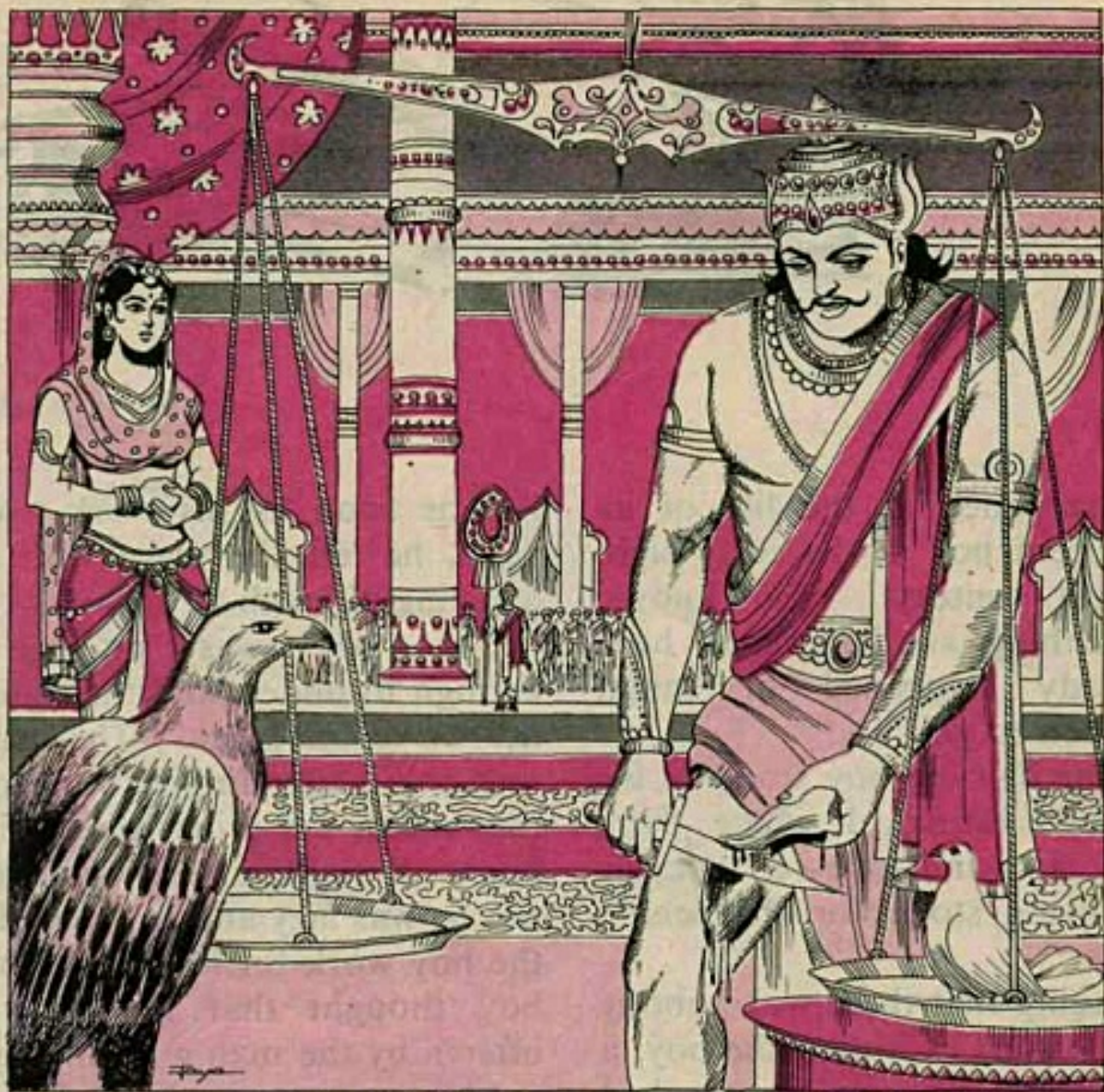
"That is no problem, I assure you," said the king with a smile and he immediately had the weighing scales brought into the court.

"Yes, yes, the royal flesh! I will relish your flesh—but flesh only from the right side of your body," exclaimed the eagle gleefully, "That is my choice!"

The dove was placed on one scale of the balance. The king carved out a chunk of flesh from the right side of his body and placed it on the scale opposite to the dove. But the dove weighed heavier. The king, bleeding profusely, went on cutting pieces of his own flesh and putting them on the scale against the dove. But his efforts seemed to be in vain. The little dove, strangely indeed, continued to weigh heavier.

The courtiers were crying. The queen had swooned away. But the eagle was not to be placated. "More, more, put even more!" it shouted from time to time.

At one stage a drop of tear rolled down the king's left cheek. At once the eagle observed angrily, "Why are you weeping? You are evidently



not happy to entertain me!"

"No, not that. My left eye is weeping because the glory of offering you the flesh went entirely to my right side!" replied the king.

In the twinkling of an eye the eagle and the dove disappeared. The people felt dazed for a moment. Then they saw two luminous beings standing before King Shibi—and Shibi himself did not show even the sign of

a scratch on his body!

The luminous beings introduced themselves. One who had come as the eagle was none other than Indra himself. The dove was the god of fire!

"Rightly is your glory sung by all, O King," said Indra, "There is none comparable to you in truthfulness and courage. We had come to test you and we return with experience the like of which we had never had!"



AN

It happened in the life of an innocent boy in the early eighteenth century. Who knows, something similar might have already happened or might happen to you!

One day the boy stood in his father's farmyard where there was a grindstone—a circular revolving stone for sharpening tools.

Seeing that there was nobody in the yard excepting the boy, a man with an axe approached him and expressed curiosity about the working of the grindstone. The goodnatured boy, eager to help the man improve his general knowledge about the mystery of the grindstone, turned the wheel to show how it worked while the man sharpened on it his axe.

While grinding his axe, the man kept on praising the boy.

But as soon as his work was done, he left the place with a meaningful laugh at the boy.

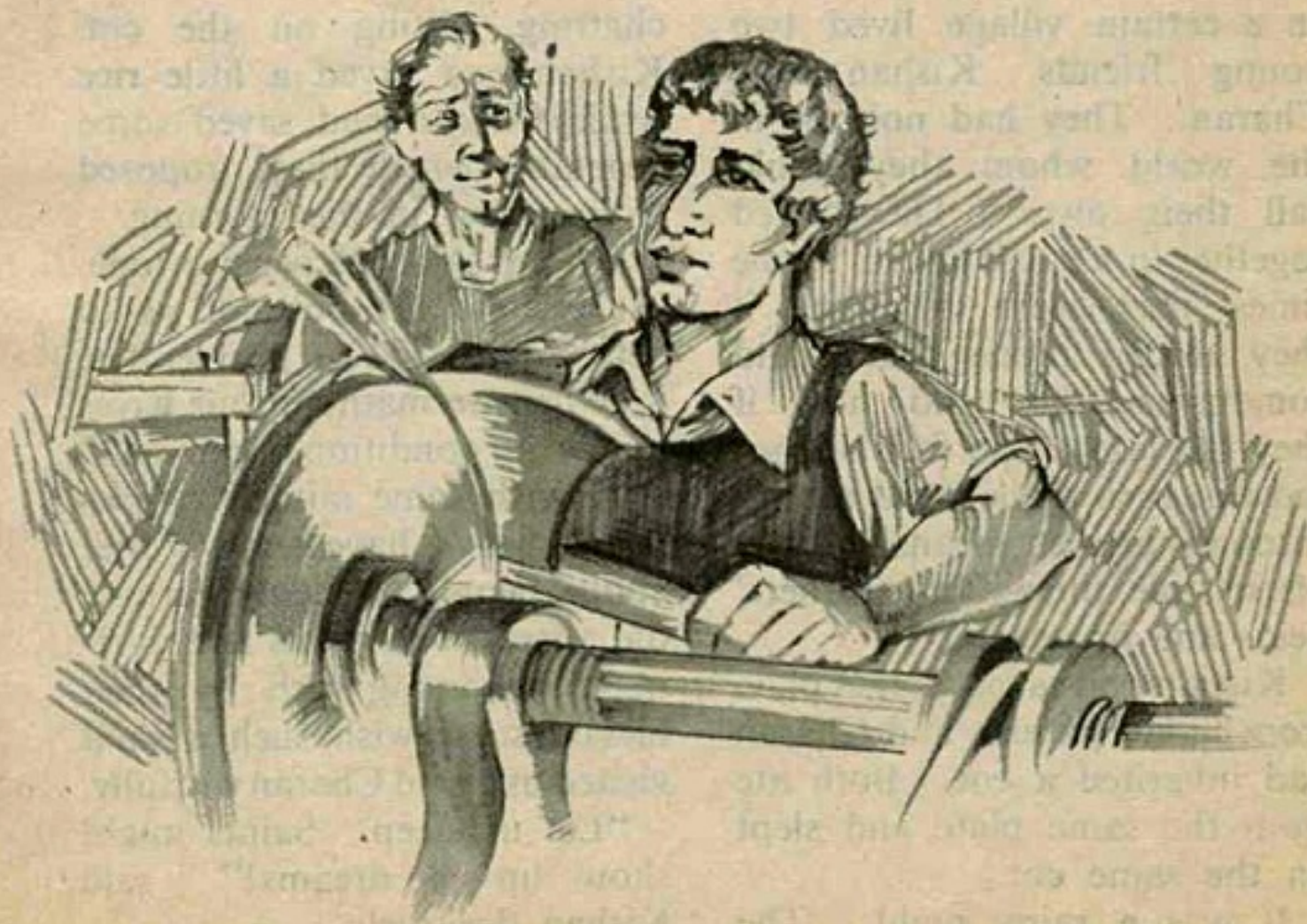
The boy was intelligent enough to understand the significance of the laugh. The man was only pretending to be ignorant about the grindstone. He knew all right how it worked; but he was lazy and so he made the boy work for him while the boy thought that the praise uttered by the man was sincere!

The boy grew up to be a famous man. He was Benjamin Franklin (1706-90), the American author, publisher, inventor, scientist, humanist and diplomat who is often described as "the first civilized America." He recounted this boyhood experience of his about the ways of the world and the English language got a new idiom—"An axe to grind".

AXE TO GRIND

If we see one praising somebody with a selfish motive, we say, "He has an axe to grind." When we praise someone or

commend somebody honestly, with no personal interest to serve, we claim, if necessary, "I have no axe to grind!"





Gone with the Stranger

In a certain village lived two young friends, Kishan and Charan. They had nobody in the world whom they could call their own. They lived together in a small house. Some times they went to work if they needed money badly and sometimes they did not, if they felt lazy. The fact is, they did not earn their bread always through honest means. They often stole things from others' fields and orchards.

Kishan had saved a brass plate from his late parents and Charan had inherited a cot. Both ate from the same plate and slept on the same cot.

It was a rainy night. The two, after their dinner, were

chatting, sitting on the cot. Kishan had saved a little rice while Charan had saved some vegetable which they proposed to consume in the morning.

Kishan said in a pensive tone, "It is time for both of us to get married. The problem is, how can we maintain our wives unless our condition improved?"

"I wish some miracle happened to us! I have heard stories about people suddenly earning the affection of saints and overnight becoming rich by their blessings. I wish such a saint visited us!" said Charan wistfully.

"Let us sleep. Saints might show up in dreams!" said Kishan derisively.

Just then somebody knocked

on the door. Kishan opened the door and saw a mendicant shivering in cold.

"How dare you disturb our sleep? Is this your father-in-law's house that you could visit it at your sweet will?" blurted out Kishan.

"Should you not give shelter to an old mendicant in such a rainy night? I am tired and hungry," said the stranger.

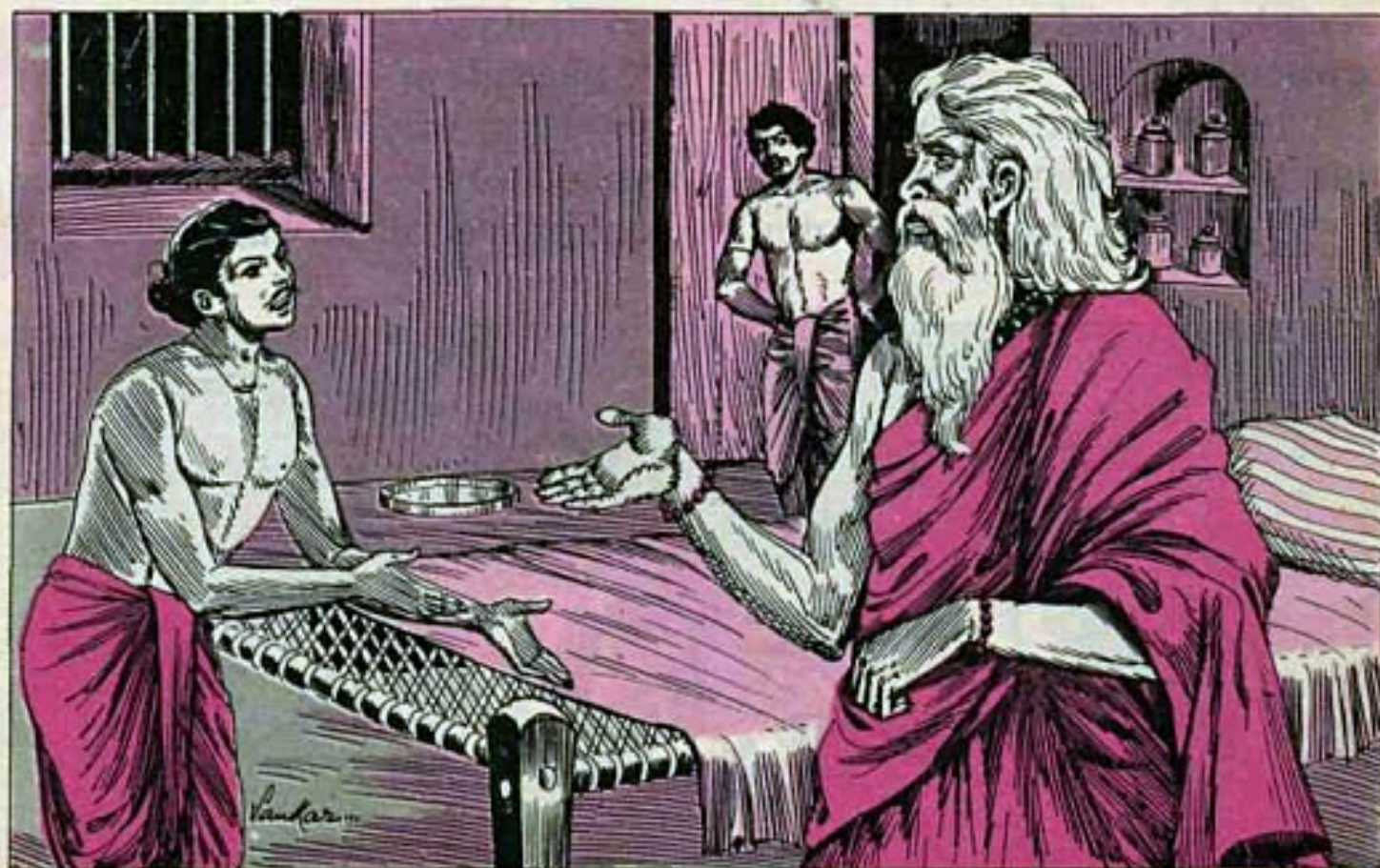
Before Kishan could say anything more, Charan jumped from the cot and said eagerly, "Welcome, O great saint, your visit has sanctified our poor hut. But we have nothing to offer to you accepting a very little

rice and some vegetable!"

"Don't you worry, my son, what you have would quite satisfy me. It is not good food, but a good heart that I care for!" said the stranger with a benignant smile. He then sat down and finished with relish the food Charan gave him.

Thereafter the stranger looked at Charan and said, "My son, I am pleased with you. Before I depart I wish to reward you. Show me something that belongs to you. I will charge that thing with a special power and that will yield you a lot of benefit!"

"O great saint, this cot you



see is mine!" said Charan.

The stranger held a little water in his palm and uttered some inaudible words on it and then sprinkled it on the cot and said, "You are no more poor, my son! If you lie on this cot for a while closing your eyes, you can see where hidden properties lie buried. From time to time you can dig out a pot or two and be happy!"

Kishan cried out impatiently, "O great one, should you not show some consideration to me too? The rice you took had been left over from my share. Although the cot belonged to Charan, it is I who have repaired it from time to time and have thereby earned a claim to its ownership!"

Charan raised his voice in a bid to contradict his friend.

"Tut, tut, my sons, don't

quarrel. Do as I say. Both of you can stretch yourselves on the cot and wait for a while with eyes closed. The hidden properties will flash in your vision," assured the stranger.

Kishan and Charan, without losing a moment, jumped upon the cot and lay with closed eyes. It was after a long time that they opened their eyes, disappointed at seeing no vision whatever of any hidden property.

But their final disappointment came when they saw their brass plate gone—gone with the stranger!

"You fool!" cried out Kishan, "you called this misfortune upon us!" "you wicked fellow!" retorted Charan, "Instead of trying to grab at my luck, why did you not keep your eyes open?" They quarrelled till it was dawn.





A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE

In a certain village there was an old temple dedicated to Lord Rama. Hari Shastri was the priest.

According to the tradition, if a man died in the village, the temple remained closed for three days.

A few miles away from the village was a bazar. A weekly market was held in the bazar and people from the nearby villages flocked there for selling and buying goods.

Shastri was returning from the bazar on a market day, loading the things he had purchased on a cart. As he passed in front of a rich merchant's house, he heard the merchant calling out to him.

Shastri stopped. The merchant came out and told him, "How nice it is that I met you! I have been looking forward to see you for a week past."

By and by the merchant told Shastri that his wife had fallen sick a month ago. He had then prayed to Lord Rama and had said that if his wife recovered, he will arrange for a special worship of the Lord and will feed a large number of people on the occasion.

Now, the merchant proposed to fulfil his promise to the Lord the day after. "Please keep everything ready for me. I will reach your village tomorrow evening with my family as well as all the things necessary



for the worship and the feast."

The elated Shastri said, "Don't worry. Everything will be done to your full satisfaction."

It was dark when Shastri reached his village. After he had carried the things into his house and released the cart, he found someone lying on his veranda.

"Who are you?" demanded Shastri in a loud voice. But there was no answer. His wife cast a glance at the veranda and grumbled, "I see, the fellow is still there! He came before the evening and lay sprawled there. I repeatedly asked him to go

away, but to no avail!"

"Let me first have my dinner. Then I will drive the fellow away if by then he has not left of his own," assured Shastri. While taking his food Shastri told his wife, "We are lucky. A rich merchant is coming to offer worship. While arranging for it, I can pocket at least a hundred rupees. Besides, the merchant will give new clothes to both of us!"

When he finished taking food, his wife reminded him of the fellow on the veranda and said, "He might be a thief. We cannot sleep in peace as long as he lay there."

Shastri went out with a stick and shouted at the fellow. But he got no response. He then tried to push the fellow off the veranda by the help of his stick. The fellow fell down, but did not utter a word. Surprised, Shastri brought out a lamp and had a close look at the fellow and shrieked out. "Alack! The fellow is dead!"

"Leave him there. How does it concern us?" said his wife.

"Have you forgotten all about the merchant's special worship? Don't you know that the temple must remain closed

for three days if a man died in our village?" said Shastri.

"What is to be done then?" asked his wife in an anxious tone.

"I must carry the corpse to the burial ground without much delay. The fellow does not belong to our village. Hence, nobody would know anything about it!" answered Shastri.

"But the guard of the burial ground would know!" reminded his wife.

"He will not disclose it to anybody if he is properly bribed," said Shastri.

Carrying an amount of fifty rupees with him Shastri then ran to the burial ground and explained the matter to the guard. "I will dig a pit for the corpse and keep the matter a secret if you give me fifty rupees," said the guard.

Shastri argued with him and at last satisfied him with a reward of thirty rupees. Then he returned home and rolled the fellow into a mat and carrying it on his head, faltered towards the burial ground again.

He felt pretty tired halfway and keeping the load down on the road, sat down beside it.

Suddenly he felt someone's cold hand on his shoulder. He



was about to shriek in horror, but managed to check himself.

"Shastri, is it? Where are you heading at this unearthly hour?" asked the village drunkard.

"I did not get any sleep and so decided to enjoy a stroll!" stammered out Shastri.

"But why a stroll with a load? What is in it?" queried the drunkard.

Shastri felt nervous. He tried to divert the drunkard's attention, saying, "Well, man, how is it that you have not visited the liquor shop tonight?"

"I owe the shop-keeper twenty rupees. He refuses to



give me any more credit!" replied the drunkard.

Shastri lost no time in handing over twenty rupees to the drunkard, and said, "Go, my son, pay up the shopkeeper and then drink to your heart's content.

The drunkard grabbed at the money and started running in the direction of the shop.

Shastri lifted the load over his head and took long strides to reach the burial ground as soon as possible. The guard had already finished digging the pit.

But as soon as the guard lent his hand to relieve Shastri

of his burden, the man slipped down from the rolled mat and cried out, "Yo ho!"

Shastri was about to swoon away.

The guard laughed and said, "What, Shastriji! You have brought a live corpse, have you?"

"Will you please tell me where I am now?" asked the man that emerged from the mat.

"In the burial ground, you idiot!" shouted Shastri angrily.

The man who had now come out of his drunken state, ran away. Shastri appealed to the guard to return his money. "I will return the money on condition that you won't mind if I go on telling the villagers all that happened tonight!" said the guard. Shastri returned without the money!

It was past midnight when Shastri was back at home. His wife was waiting for him sleepily. She said, "I had dozed a little and dreamt that I have received a new silk saree!"

"That will naturally come to you day after tomorrow, when the merchant would perform the special worship," said Shastri.

But the merchant did not arrive on the appointed day.

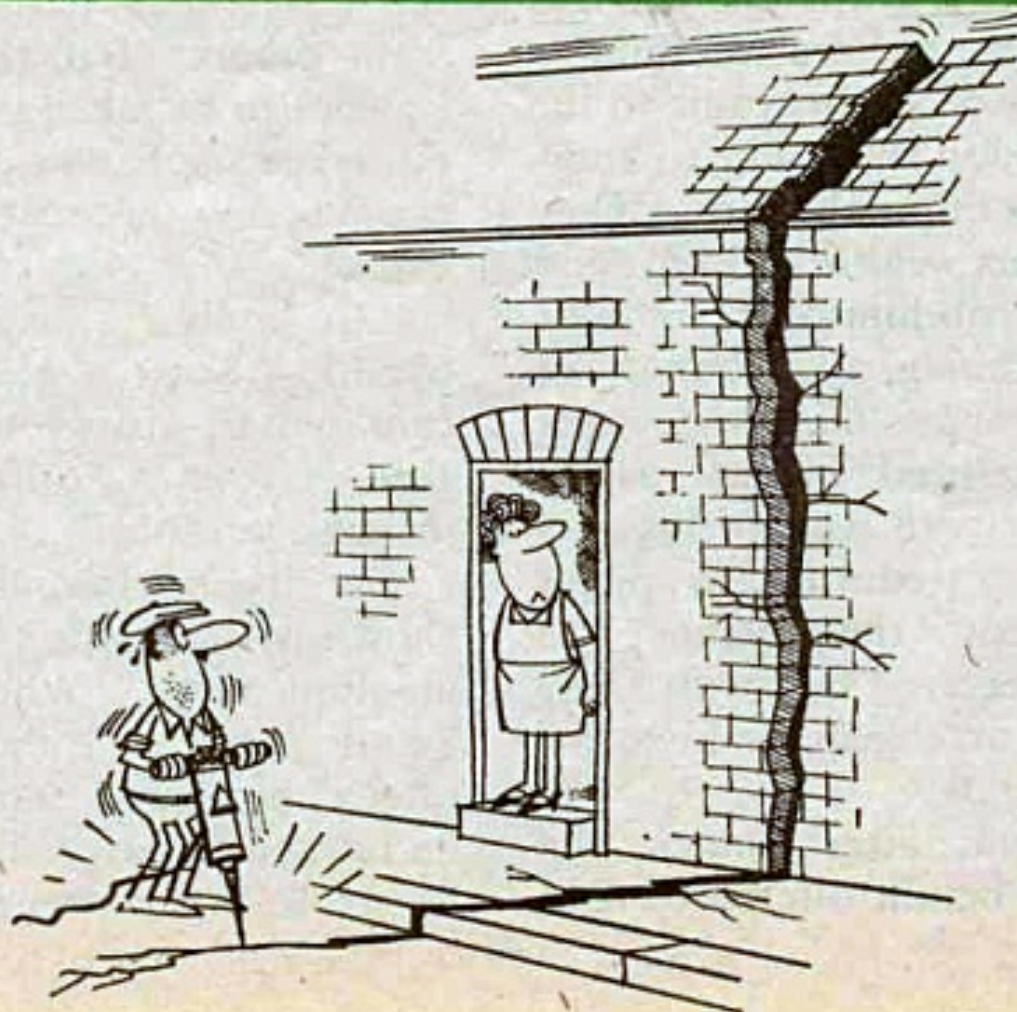


He was not to be seen even the next day or the day after. Impatient, Shastri arrived at the merchant's house on the fifth day.

"Come, Shastriji, come. I have just returned from my father-in-law's village. I had

to rush there because my father-in-law was ill. You know, they have a temple dedicated to Lord Rama in their village too. I finished my worship there. I need not bother you now!"

Shastri gave out a long sigh and returned home.





BANDITS DUPED!

Somabhadra, the jeweller, had prospered well although he lived in a small town. He attracted a number of customers not only from his own town, but also from nearby towns and villages because people trusted him.

Once two bandits came to the town. Soon they came to know all about Somabhadra. They coveted his wealth and hit upon a way to rob him of it.

One evening, the younger of the two bandits met the jeweller and introduced himself as an astrologer who was on his way to the king's court. He sought shelter for the night. The jeweller received him with kindness and arranged for his comfortable stay.

At night, after dinner, the disguised bandit offered to read

Somabhadra's palm. He examined the lines on his host's palm carefully and said a number of things about the jeweller's past. They were true, for, the bandit had gathered them from others. But the jeweller was not to be taken in so easily. He asked the bandit, "Can you predict any event that is to come?"

"Certainly," answered the bandit, "Soon a great mendicant would visit you. By his grace your wealth would increase ten-fold!"

The disguised bandit did not show any inclination to predict anything more. When he was about to leave, the jeweller offered him some money. But he refused to accept it, in order to create the impression in the

host's mind that he had read his palm out of courtesy and not for any gain.

A week later, on a rainy day, both the bandits arrived at the jeweller's house, the elder bandit disguised as a mendicant and the younger one as his disciple.

Said the elder bandit to the jeweller, "God bless you, my son! Can we rest in your house for a day?"

"Why not?" responded the jeweller, "Look upon this as your own house and relax."

The bandits were fed well at night. Before retiring, the young bandit told the jeweller, "I will like to inform you confidentially that my guru, by his

power, can increase ten times any quantity of gold. If you will give him a hundred gold coins, to begin with, you will get back a thousand."

"Excellent, will certainly take advantage of the guru's power tomorrow morning. In fact, an astrologer had already predicted about the arrival of such a benefactor in my house," said the jeweller.

The guests were shown a room. As soon as they went to bed, the jeweller locked the room from outside. The bandits intended to plunder the house at midnight. But they found themselves locked up. They waited with patience till it



was morning.

Before it was dawn the jeweller passed on some secret instructions to his servants. Then he unlocked the door of the guest-room.

In the morning the bandits, along with the jeweller, sat on the ground in the enclosed backyard of the jeweller's house and lit a holy fire and recited some incantations. Then the bandits asked the jeweller to fetch one hundred gold coins.

While the jeweller was away inside his house, the bandits buried nine hundred gold coins near the fire and waited. When the jeweller brought the hundred coins, they buried that too and after pretending to sit in meditation for a while, dug out a thousand gold coins and handed over the amount to the jeweller, and said, "Bring all the gold you have and get them

increased by ten-fold."

"Thank you. Your power indeed charms me. But I am rich enough. I don't have any desire for more wealth. I am happy with this thousand gold coins," said the jeweller and prepared to enter his house.

The bandits who were sure that the jeweller will bring out all his gold and they will escape with that, now found themselves duped. They pounced upon the jeweller to snatch away the thousand gold coins he held. But instantly the jeweller's servants and the king's guards who were hiding nearby swooped down upon the bandits and captured them.

"Because I was honest in my business, you should not have concluded that I was gullible and foolish!" observed Soma-bhadra the jeweller looking at the hapless bandits.





VEER HANUMAN

Veer Hanuman then told Sita Devi, "O Mother! I have come to you as Sri Rama's emissary. All is well with him. Lakshmana has conveyed his deep regards to you."

The very names of Rama and Lakshmana brightened up Sita. But she was beset with a misgiving the very next moment: Is this not Ravana himself disguised as a Vanara? And the thought upset her so much that she let go the support of a branch with which she stood and almost collapsed on the ground.

Hanuman could guess what was going on in Sita's mind. He came closer and prostrated himself before her. But Sita hardly looked at him. With

a sigh she said, "If you happen to be Ravana in disguise, know for certain that your trick is going to fail. I have not forgotten how you deceived me with your disguise at Panchavati. But if you are truly Sri Rama's messenger, then let me hear you speak of his virtues."

For a while Sita also thought that she was perhaps dreaming. However, Hanuman lost no time in showing her Rama's ring with which he had been entrusted. He also went on narrating the glory and the greatness of Rama with true enthusiasm. Further he reported all about Rama's friendship with Sugriva, the Vanaras spreading out in search of her and his exciting journey to Lanka.



Sita now looked happy and reassured.

Thereafter Hanuman asked her, "Please tell me, mother, what should be my next move? I must return soon and inform Sri Rama about the success of my mission."

Said Sita calmly, "Great are you who could leap over the ocean and explore Lanka. Ravana has granted me a year's time to come to a decision. Sri Rama must hurry up and come to my rescue before the year ends. Ravana had been advised by his younger brother, Vibhishana, to restore me to Sri Rama. But the demon is in no mood to heed the advice.

This was reported to me by Nala, Vibhishana's daughter, who met me at her mother's bidding."

Said Hanuman, "Mother! As soon as Sri Rama would know that you were here, he would lose no time in mobilising the army of Vanaras and bears and invading Lanka. But if you could get over your shyness and sat on my back, I will forthwith carry you to Sri Rama. Do not doubt my capacity to cross the ocean with you on my back. In fact, if I wish, I can uproot this entire island and throw it before Sri Rama!"

"Hanuman! It has no doubt been a great achievement on your part to cross the ocean and arrive here. But how can you repeat the feat while another person sits on your back?" observed Sita, smiling.

Hanuman realised that Sita had not yet had any idea of his strength and power. He stepped back and began enlarging his body. As Sita looked on and saw Hanuman surpassing the size of a mountain and looking bright and red with zeal, she had no doubt left in her mind that he was indeed capable of uprooting Lanka.

Hanuman then pleaded with Sita, "Why delay, mother! Let us hurry to Rama and Lakshmana and gladden their hearts!"

"Hanuman! I know how great is your capacity. But if I escape with you, I am afraid, the mission which Sri Rama is to accomplish might remain unfulfilled. Ravana stole me away from Sri Rama. If Sri Rama too steals me back through his emissary, how is his greatness going to be proved? The arrogant demons must be taught a lesson. Besides, it is risky for me to go with you. When you will rise to the sky, I might get frightened and fall down. If demons follow you, you have to fight with them. It will be difficult for you to protect me and fight with them at the same time. Your duty is clear. Report everything to Sri Rama and tell him that I am anxiously awaiting his triumphant arrival," said Sita.

Hanuman realised that Sita was right. He then requested her to give him something which would convince Rama that he had indeed met Sita.

Said Sita: "I better narrate an incident to you which you in your turn could narrate to



Sri Rama. It happened when we were living in an ashram near Mount Chitrakut, on the Ganga. One day Sri Rama was asleep, his head resting on my lap. A crow rushed forth and pecked at me. I bled. Sri Rama woke up. Furious at the sight of my blood, he shot an arrow charged with occult power at the crow. The arrow followed the crow while the crow tried to seek shelter in various spheres. At last it was obliged to come to Sri Rama, seeking his pardon and protection. Since the arrow was not to rest without accomplishing the task for which it had been discharged, the crow had to sacri-



fice its right eye to the weapon before it was spared. How is Sri Rama, who was upset at the slightest discomfort to me, allowing me to live in such a condition for so long a time?"

"Mother! Sri Rama is passing his time through bitter sorrow. Rest assured that he will invade Lanka without any delay. He will destroy Ravana, the demon of lust, and take you back," said Hanuman in a tone steeped in deep sympathy.

"Hanuman! Prostrate yourself to Sri Rama as my proxy, as soon as you meet him. Noble is Lakshmana who has sacrificed all his comforts in order to serve Sri Rama. Give him my

best wishes," said Sita and handed over a precious ring to Hanuman. "Sri Rama will remember the bygone days at the sight of this ring. I have nothing more to say. Find out the means of rescuing me. Give my best wishes to Sugriva and the other Vanara heroes," she said again.

After a moment Sita asked with some anxiety, "Hanuman! A hero of exceptional quality that you are, it was possible for you to cross the ocean. But how can Sri Rama, Lakshmana, Sugriva and others would do the same?"

Hanuman smiled and replied, "Mother! You have nothing to worry on that score. Amongst us there are heroes who possess even greater power and valour. All will go well. Now, bless me and let me go!"

Hanuman left Sita. But he had gone only a few steps when some new thoughts occurred to him. He thought: "Should I go away before gathering some knowledge about the demons? How strong are they? What is the manner in which they fight?"

He decided to find out the answers.

He looked at the Asoca garden. It was extremely beautiful

and hence Ravana must be very fond of it. The best way to inspire wrath is Ravana would be to destroy this garden—concluded Hanuman. Ravana, naturally, would ask his soldiers to attack or capture him. That will give him an opportunity to test their strength.

He at once set himself to uprooting the trees. He also brought down a portion of a magnificent house meant for amusements that stood at the middle of the garden. At this, hundreds of birds which rested in the trees tittered and flew away chaotically.

The sound of the falling pillars and walls and the shrill

cry of the birds awakened the demonesses. They came out of their houses and to their great horror saw the mighty Hanuman at destruction! When Hanuman saw them, he enlarged his body even further.

The demonesses ran to Sita and asked, "Who is that strange being? We had earlier noticed him talking to you. What did he say? Whence did he come? Will you please tell us the truth?"

"The demons can, if they wish, take a variety of forms. He who looks like a Vanara hero, could very well be a demon. Why don't you go and ask him who he was? Why





pester me?" replied Sita.

The demonesses did not know what to do. Some of them fled, terrified. A few ran to report the matter to Ravana.

They cried out before Ravana. "O King! A strange, fearful and huge creature has suddenly made his appearance amidst the Asoca garden. He talked to Sita. But Sita refuses to say

who he is. Now the creature is making short work of the lovely garden and the houses therein. Excepting the tree under which Sita is resting, he has uprooted almost all the other trees. You must arrange to capture him and punish him with death, for he had the audacity to meet Sita without your permission!"

Contd.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





WHAT PLEASES A FATHER

A certain nobleman had three sons. They were all young men of virtue and the nobleman was quite happy with them. He had enough property with which his sons could pull on well. But he wanted them to learn how to put in personal endeavour to achieve success in any work one undertook.

One day the nobleman called his sons to his bedside and said, "I have brought you up with all the care I was capable of bestowing on you. I have no doubt that you will live nobly and honestly after my death. Yet, I wish to see a peculiar desire of mine fulfilled before I die."

"What is that desire, father? Please tell us about it and we will do our best to see that it is satisfied," said the sons.

The nobleman gave a thousand rupees to each and said, "Go out into the wide world and do whatever pleases you. But come back in a year's time from today with something that will make me happy."

The eldest son went to the town and met an old friend of his father, a merchant. He supervised a particular department of the merchant's business and with the merchant's permission put his thousand rupees into the business. At the end of the year he received five thousand rupees as profit as well as his remuneration for supervising the merchant's business.

He returned home, sure that his father would be happy to see the money.

But the nobleman said, "My son! It is a pity that you gave

so much importance to money and worked so hard. I feel sad looking at your broken health."

The second son had joined a famous physician. He too worked hard and pleased the great physician who taught him the secret of preparing a rare elixir which could restore an old man to vigour. The second son had no doubt that the elixir would please his father most.

But the nobleman said, "My son! I have lived a full life and have enjoyed all the good things of life. I have no desire to enjoy a short-lived artificial youthfulness under the impact of a tonic."

The third son who had not been able to decide what he should do, had gone to the Ashram of his father's guru and had sought the guru's advice.

"What does fascinate you

most?" the guru had asked.

"I love to sing," the boy had replied.

"Then learn music with all your heart," the guru had advised and had sent him, with his recommendation, to a great music teacher.

The boy learnt music with absolute devotion. Towards the end of the year, the king of the land happened to visit the musician's school. He was so much charmed by the boy's performance that he immediately employed him as the court musician. When the boy, with the king's permission, came to meet his father, his fame had already been widespread.

The nobleman said, "I am immensely pleased with your achievement, my son. Nothing pleases a father more than his son's reputation as a talented man."



Return of the Mendicant

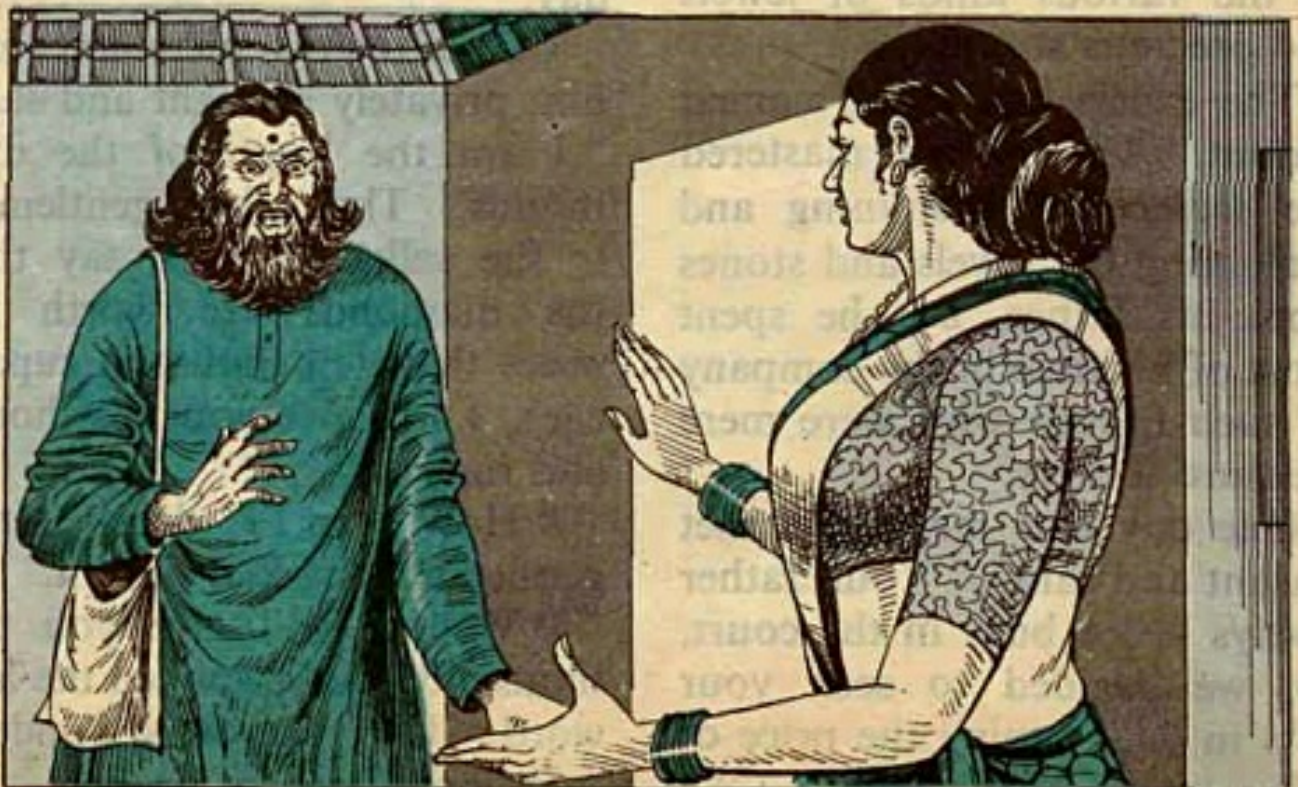
One fine morning Ramnarayan, the father of two children, told his wife, "Enough of this worldly life. I have decided to become a mendicant!"

"You are hardly the type for it. Besides, your children are too small for you to leave them!" said his wife.

But Ramnarayan was adamant. He left the house for the wide world the very next day, early in the morning. His wife gave him a food packet. Ramnarayan walked till mid-day, checking himself from opening the packet. But hunger at last gained the upperhand and he opened it. But lo! The rice was bitter with salt. The curry was extremely hot with chilli.

Fuming with anger, he marched back towards his home and reaching there in the evening started shouting at his wife. "Tut, tut," said his wife, "Is this the sign of a mendicant?"

Then she gave him delicious items she had cooked. Ramnarayan has since kept quiet about his turning a mendicant!





WHAT THE CITY DID NOT KNOW!

This happened during the reign of King Krishna Deva Raya of Vijayanagar. In his court the king had an expert who could accurately determine the worth of the various kinds of jewels and precious stones.

The expert had a son named Vasant. The son had mastered the science of examining and evaluating the jewels and stones from his father, but he spent most of his time in the company of such friends who were mere pleasure-seekers.

One day two merchants met Vasant and said, "Your father always keeps busy in the court. So, we decided to seek your help in determining the price of a few pieces of diamonds. We

will pay you a thousand rupees for your service. Will you please agree to this deal?"

Vasant agreed and asked them to bring the diamonds the next day.

One of the two merchants met him privately at night and said, "I am the buyer of the diamonds. The other gentleman is the seller. If you say that the diamonds are worth no more than ten thousand rupees each, I will give you five thousand rupees."

"How can I deceive the gentleman?" asked Vasant.

"Well, I will give you ten thousand. I have spoken the last word. It is for you to decide," said the merchant gravely.

Vasant nodded indicating his consent to the deal. Next day when the merchants met him together and spread out the diamonds before him, he could see that each one would be worth at least twentyfive thousand rupees. However, he declared their value as ten thousand rupees each.

They paid him a thousand rupees and departed. The first merchant whispered to him that he would meet him soon. But he never turned up. Vasant looked for him here and there, but failed to find him.

A year later his father died. Vasant went to the court and told Thimmarasu, the illustrious minister of the king, "I pray to be appointed to the position which lies vacant due to my father's death."

"Not you, my boy! You are

not worth it, I am sorry to say!" replied the minister.

"But, sir, the whole city knows that I am as good an expert as my late lamented father!" pleaded Vasant.

"What the whole city does not know is that you are as much dishonest as your father was honest. Do you wish me to let the city know it?" demanded Thimmarasu in a stern voice.

Vasant looked at him in bewilderment.

The minister smiled and whispered, "You have perhaps started to recognise me. Yes, I was that merchant who offered you bribe. We have to put people to test in various ways. Had your father not rendered great service to the king, I would have banished you from the kingdom!"





WHY SETTLE FOR SECOND BEST WHEN THE BEST IS HERE?

A legitimate question, indeed!
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in ample measure, is the obvious
choice of those who insist on
the best.

kwaliti's make **SUPERIOR** biscuits



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MANY CENTURIES AHEAD

Flash and Zarkov are caught in a time warp. A gigantic battleship in space forces them to land on it. They realize it is the same ship of the future, which they had previously visited. They also find Elita, the mutant, now probably its sole survivor. On revival, she proves deadly. The mutants have deliberately trapped Flash and Zarkov for a drastic mind probe. Will they succumb to it? How can they be freed?

Mystery and suspense fill the pages of this outstanding space adventure of the future in *Indrajal Comics* issue dated 1st March, 1976.

1st March, 1976



Indrajal Comics

Price: Re. 1/-



15th March, 1976

GOLDBEARD'S STRIKE FORCE

When the Phantom refuses Goldbeard, the pirate, the mineral rights to Denkali, the latter forces Guran, the Bandar Chief to accede the same. The infuriated Phantom destroys Goldbeard's ship. Goldbeard retaliates by exploding a shell into the Skull Cave releasing a nerve gas.

His handpicked killers are ordered to kill the Phantom any how at any cost. What will be his fate? Read this suspenseful adventure in *Indrajal Comics* issue dated 15th March, 1976.

TIMES ART



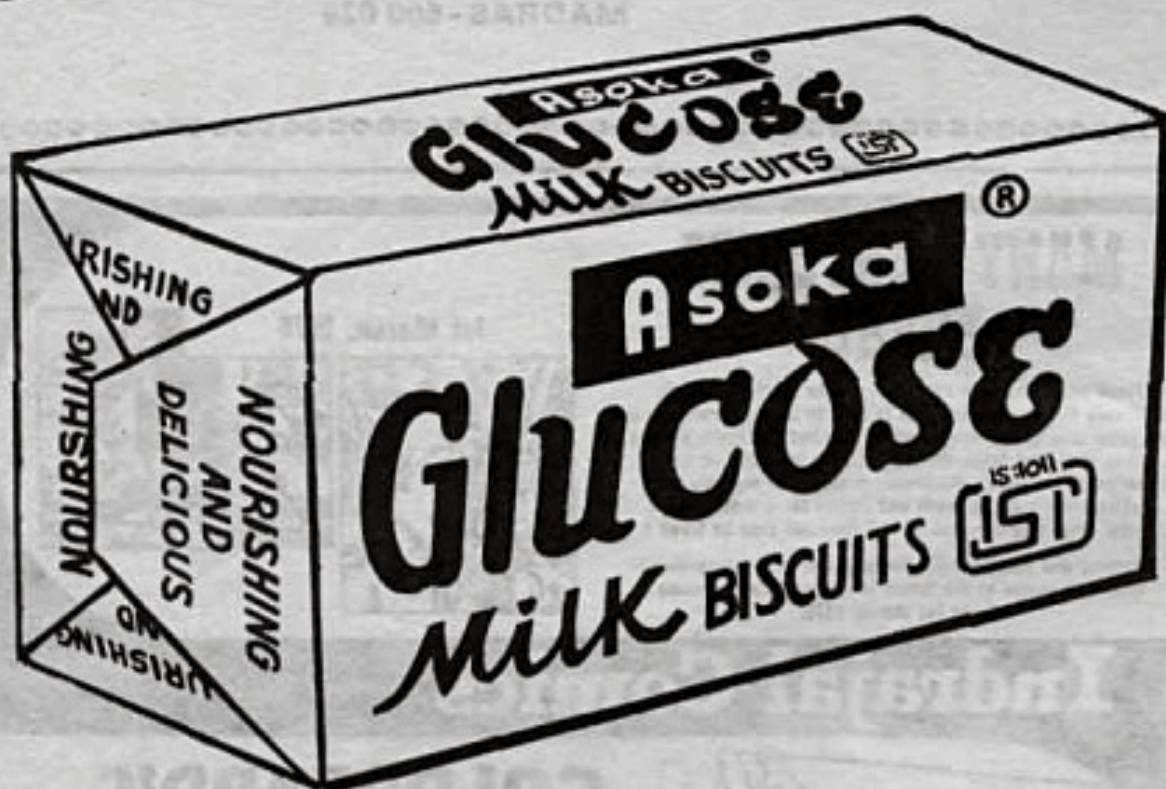
children love it



young adore it



old cherish it



Liked by all
NO GENERATION GAP

ASOKA BISCUIT WORKS, HYDERABAD.

A DECADE OF ACHIEVEMENT



agriculture

New agricultural strategy evolved during the decade has ushered in the Green Revolution.

Command Area Programme around major irrigation projects has augmented irrigation facilities.



industry

Licensing procedures have been liberalised and simplified.

Self-reliance has been achieved in many fields.

Raw materials are more easily available.

Small Industries have received greater encouragement.



communications

Rail and Road transport have improved.

There is a better network of roads.

Post and Telegraph facilities have been expanded.

Telephone connections have multiplied.



social services

Integrated medical and health services have been introduced with accent on rural health.

There are more doctors, nurses and hospital beds.

Education has been made free upto higher secondary level in many States.

Special promotional projects have been launched for women and youth welfare.

the infrastructure
has been
strengthened
and economy
stabilised.



it has been a
performance-
packed
decade.



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1st March 1976

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Please see that the complete picture is painted

CONTEST NO.1



To Chor Bazaar our heroes go
Many a bargain they see on show.



An antique lamp catches
their eye. So unique that
they soon do buy



They rub the lamp
and give a shout. Lots
of smoke comes swirling out



"For gold or silver
we have no greed, A crate
of Poppins will fill our need"



Lo and behold, a crate so tall
A merry time
was had by all !



LICKABLE LIKEABLE LOVABLE

PARLE POPPINS
FRUITY SWEETS

5 FRUITY FLAVOURS—
RASPBERRY, PINEAPPLE,
LEMON, ORANGE AND LIME

